"The Highest Bidder" Produced at the Natonal Theatre-Kate Claxton Gete the Right to a Particularly Agonizing Moledrama-The Strained Relations Between Water-Tanks-Happy Mr. Pond.



ger boy, No. 1,222, who S took the "Highest Bidder" souvenir to London, has so endeared himself to the Lyceum Theatre management that he is now in their employ. At Washington on Monday he was told to carry a souvenir to President Cleveland. and on no account to return until his mission had been accomplished. The irrepressible Sanger-that

is his name-started for the White House, by no means daunted. He arrived there in due course, and passed two servants quite successfully. At last he came to a colored man, who saw that his mission was not an ordinary

"President won't see no theatrical folk Perhaps it may be imagined this the myrmidon at last consented to do.
In a very short time Mrs. Cleveland said she would see the boy, and he was shown into her presence and delivered his souvenir and advertised his employer.

"Well," said the tinted gentleman as the her corner triumphantly out. "That Demo-

boy came triumphantly out, "That Demo-eratic President takes the cake. I tell you Lawrence Barrett and Wilson Barrett called, and he wouldn't see 'em. By gosh!"

"The Highest Bidder" was played for the first time out of the city on Monday night, with young Ed. Sothern as the star, at the National Theatre, Washington. The audience was a fashionable one, and Mr. Sothern was happy. At the end of the second act there were five "genuine" curtain calls. (I

Kate Claxton has secured from Manager A. M. Palmer, of the Madison Square Theatre, the London melodrama, by the author of "The Great Pink Pearl" called "The Pointsman." The play is said to be realistically terrible and terribly realistic. In it there is a railroad smash-up, and the cries of the tor-tured ones are said to be a feature of the scene. Perhaps if Miss Claxton attempts too many horrors, she will find that the metro-politan appetite has a limit, even on the

their theatres. Measure and Barton are very angry, and it was said yesterday that they talked of bringing a suit against. The Dark Secret. People for maliciously injuring their business by annonneing that the use of the tank was unlawful. They will probably continue talking about it.

in the city yesterday, positively happy. His play, "Her Atonement," which is said to require a brass band and a leading lady, made a hit at the California Theatre, San Francisco, where it was produced on Monday night, with Miss Kate Forsythe as the leading lady, Mr. Pond felt so ecstatic that he took his luncheon at Delmonico's. His bliss may last three weeks, as "Her Atonement" is "up" to run that length of time.

The advance sale at the Lyceum Theatre for "The Wife" was yesterday morning larger than any the Lyceum has ever known, which goes to show that a new stock company is appreciated among theatre-goers. The long waits between the acts on Tuesday gight were due simply to first night difficulties.

Flashes from the Footlights. " Conrad the Corsair" has played to full house McKee Rankings superintending the work for his roduction of ** Macbeth " at the Brooklyn Theatre

on Nov. ss, although he is at present playing in SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING. "The New Danites" in small towns near this city. Miss Minnie Palmer has a new play by Leonard Grover called "My Brother's Sister." John A. Mackay will begin his tour in a couple of weeks under beander Hichardson's manage-

"The Marquis," at the Casino, is very popula with ladies and children, and the matinees ar

Miss Alice Chandos is said to have written a new play for Miss Grace Hawthorne called "Philan-throphy."

"The Arabian Nights," under management of Affred Joel, opened at Washington on Monday to good houses.

ood houses.

Owing to the great success of the flower show at the Eden Musée, the management have resolved to continue the exhibition until Sunday.

Mrs. Langtry's tour opened at Burlington, Vt., on Monday, in "A Wife's Perul." On Tuesday night she appeared in Ottawa. Next week she pussees in Canada and then returns to New York, where she will play at the Harlem Theatre. H. J. Lealie, the English manager, now super-intending the rehearsals of "Dorothy" at the Standard Theatre, is building a new theatre in London in Shaftesbury avenue. It is to be called "The Lyric" and will be devoted to English opera.

"OH, WILHELMINA, COME BACK!"

Bill Nye Takes a New Tack in Solving the Servant Girl Problem.

PERSONAL—Will the roung woman who edited the gravy department and corrected proof at our ple foundry for two days and then jumped the game on the evening that we were to have our clergyman to dine with us, please come back, or write to 33 Park Row, saying where she left the crackers and cheese? Come back, Wilhelmins, and be our little sun

beam once more. Come back and cluster around If you think best, we will quit having company at the house, especially people who do not belong

We will also strive, oh so hard, to make it pleasanter for you in every way. If we had known four or five years ago that children were offensive to you, it would have been different. But it is to late now. All we can do is to shut them up in a barn and feed them through a knot-hole. If they shrick loud enough to give pain to your throbbing brow, let no one know and we will overcome any

Since you went away we can see how wicked and selfish we were and how little we considered your comfort. We miss your glad smile, also your have learned a valuable lesson since you went away, and it is that the blame should not have rested on one alone. It should have been divided equally, leaving me to bear half of it and my wife the other half.

Where we erred was in dividing up the blame on the basis of tenderloin steak or peach cobbler, compelling you to bear half of it yourself. That will not work, Wihelmins. Blame and preserves do not divide on the same basis. We are now in favor of what may be called a sliding scale. We

think you will like this better.

We also made a grave mistake in the matter of nights out. While young, I formed the wicked and pernicious habit of having nights out myself. I panted for the night air and would go a long distance and stay out a long time to get enough of it for a mess and then bring it home in a paper bag, but I can see now that it is time for me to remain indoors and give young people like yourself a chance, Wilhelmina.

So if I can do anything evenings while you are out that will assist you, such as stoning raisins or neighboring windows, command me. I am no cook, of course, but I can peel apples or grind coffee or hold your head for you when you need sympathy. I could also soon learn to do the plain cooking, I think, and friends who come to see us after this have agreed to bring their dinners.

There is no reason why harmony should not be to our roof tree.

Another thing I wish to write before I close this

humiliating personal. I wish to take back my harsh and bitter words about your singing. I said when I said it, and I wronged you. I was maddened by hunger and you told me that mush and milk was the proper thing for a brain worker, and you refused to give me any dope on my dumpling. Goaded to madness by this I said that you sang like a shingle-mill, but it was not my better, higher nature that spoke. It was my grosser and more gastric nature that asserted itself and I now desire to take it back. You do not sing like a shinglemill; at least so much as to mislead a practised

Your voice has more volume, and when your upper register is closed is mellower than any hingle-mill I ever heard, Come back, Wilhemina, We need you every

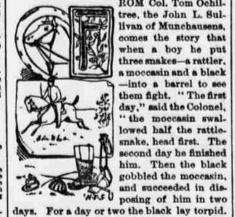
After you went away we tried to set the bread as we had seen you do it, but it was not a success. The next day it came off the nest with a litter of small, sallow rolls which would easily resist the action of acids.

If you cannot come back, will you please write and tell me how you are getting along and how bread ?

"You Know How It Is Yourself." Little drops of whiskey
And little drops of water
Make a fellow frisky and
Do what he hadn't oughter,
A glass of Riker's Tonio
Of Calisaya Bark
Makes you feel like a "jaybird,"
But won't start you off on a "Lark,"
by says it "lays way over whiskey or
an appetizer or to "brace up" on in Prepared solely by
WM. B. RIKER & SON.
Druggists and Manufacturing Chemists.
Established 1846 at 303 6th ave., N. Y.
Full pint bottles, 75 cents.

REMARKABLE BATTLE BETWEEN SNAKES TOLD BY COL. OCHILTREE.

Programme of the Seventh Regiment's Winter Games—The Coming Battle Between Jack McAuliffe and Jem Carney-Racquet Club



ROM Col. Tom Ochil. tree, the John L. Sullivan of Munchausens. comes the story that when a boy he put

three snakes a rattler, a moccasin and a black -into a barrel to see them fight. "The first day," said the Colonel, "the moccasin swallowed half the rattlesnake, head first. The second day he finished

days. For a day or two the black lay torpid. When we looked in the barrel again the tail first. The second day he had swallowed half of his length; the third day he was all gone." A Connecticut Yankee who heard the tale asked, "What became of the barrel, "Com?" "Oh, thunder!" said Ochiltree, "can't you dispose of the barrel? My part of the story is done." black had commenced to swallow himself,

A main of cocks, fifteen birds to be shown on a side between four pound six ounces and six pound two ounces, and fight all that weigh in for \$100 a battle and \$1,000 the odd fight or the main, was made yesterday. It will be decided in this vicinity early in December. The parties making the agreement are from Long Lebard and Troy respectively. are from Long Island and Troy, respectively.

The programme for the Seventh Regimen The programme for the Seventh Regiment Twelfth Annual Winter Games, which will be held at the armory on Dec. 3, includes 93, 220, 880 and 1,000 yards and one mile runs, half and one mile walks, a half-mile roller-skating race, one and three mile bicycle races, a hurdle, a wheelbarrow, a sack, a three-legged race and an obstacle race, besides an inter-company tug-of-war and a bicycle

The coming battle between Jack McAuliffe and Jem Carney for the international lightweight championship is going to be a desperate one. McAuliffe has entirely recovered from his illness, which, as The Evening World representative said all along, was never of the character rumored, and is as strong as a bull and as frisky as a colt. The battle will be decided as most big fights are, a day or so before the 23d of November, for which it is set down, and it will probably be fought in the neighborhood of Boston. Two hundred and fifty dollars is the price of a ticket. McAuliffe will take things a little easy this week while Dempsey is away in Wilming. this week while Dempsey is away in Wilming-ton—the middle-weight champion bet the light-weight champion a bottle of wine that he wouldn't be within three pounds of as light wouldn't be within three pounds of as light as he was then when Dempsey came back, when the Nonpariel left Sunday—but next week and the week after the conqueror of Frazier and Gilmore will have to put in some big licks.

The crack amateurs of the New York Rac-quet Club are in steady practice for a billiard tournament which will be played at an early

The fifteen ball pool match, best twenty. one in forty-one games, for \$200, which has been posted with Billy Sexton, between Charley Manning, of New York, and Albert Powers, of Chicago, the champion of the Western country, will be decided at the Col-umbia Billiard Rooms next Monday evening.

He Wanted Repose. [From Judge.]

Barber-There you are, sir; next ! Young Bladslee (who has been out very late the night before)-Hol'on ! Hair cut ! Barber-I've cut your hair already, sir.

Bladslee—Sham-p-pool Barber—Pve done that too.
Bladslee (who is too comfortable to get up)—P-pull a tooth !

A New Dr. Tanner.

[From the Nebraska State Journal.] ing to rival Dr. Tanner? Hasn't eaten anything for twenty days."
"Is that so." He used to be a perfect glutton."

Yes, but his wife does the cooking for th

Not a Happy Expression [From the New Orleans Picayans.]
The expression, "A bloated bondholder," is not

a happy one. Lots of men who hold lots of bonds are not bloated; and lots of men who hold little

It Cured Her Father. SPRINGDALE, Conn., March 29, 1887.

Mn. Riker.

Dean Sir: My father has been suffering from a bad cough for over a year, and, becoming alarmed, I persuaded him to try a bettle of your EXPECTORANT. I had had a bottle of your "CALISAYA TONIC" and it had done me so much good that I felt aung your EXPECTORANT would cure my father, as it did. It stopped the cough at once and entirely cured him. Please send me a bottle of EXPECTORANT as soon as possible, as my husband has a cough and I wish to cure him at ONCE.

Mrs. H. B. KNAPP. **

CHARMED WITH THE WEST.

the Country.

The Duke of Marlborough sat at his writing-table in the Brevoort House this morning, hard at work. There were dainty little notes on the table, but the Duke was not looking at them. He had returned late last night from a Western tour.

" To tell the long story of my Western trip in a few words," said the Duke, laying aside his pen and rubbing his hands, "is rather a hard task. My general impressions are those of astonishment and wonder. The development of the Northwest as seen by the traveller in big towns, such as Milwaukee. St. Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago is something marvellous. Although we'are well acquainted in Europe with the progress that American railroads are making, we have no idea of the enormous advances in luxury and general wealth. The residential quarters of the great towns I have seen are a manifestation to me of a success in commercial enterprise of the highest order. in a few words," said the Duke, laying aside

towns I have seen are a manifestation to me of a success in commercial enterprise of the highest order.

"The cities themselves are laid out to the greatest possible advantage. They are replete with every luxury of modern civic life, and altogether it is impossible to conceive that scarcely fifty years ago the site where they now stand was a desert prairie."

The Duke gave utterance to this sentiment in a dreamy whisper and looked solemnly through the window of his apartment.

"I am sorry I couldn't see the southern portion of the Mississippi Valley; but I couldn't," he went on. "I think that the general mode of life among the people of the West is even more comfortable than in New England. The beauty of the residences is unsurpassed by anything I have seen anywhere. Their stately character has absolutely no parallel in any Continental or English town. Chicago is destined to become the Pekin of America. The great network of railroads which, partly fortuitously, partly by intelligent design and partly by mad speculation, have centred themselves in Chicago predeatine that town in the near future to assume almost the leading position among the commercial towns of the United States."

THE THIRD AVENUE CABLE ROAD.

It is Expected to be in Running Order on the Main Line Next Fall.

J. H. Robertson, Superintendent of the Third Avenue Surface Rallroad, said to an EVENING WORLD reporter to-day that if everytding went well in the courts the company would begin work in the spring at laving the

would begin work in the spring at laying the new cable road, in time to have cars running on the main line by next fall.

The company will probably have about two hundred cars built. During the busy parts of the day cars will be only a minute's time apart. It is the purpose of the company to spend sufficient money in the construction of the cars to insure the comfort of the passengers. Mr. Robertson could see no possible objection to the company's project.

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR.

Contributed Daily to "The Evening World by the Steward of the Aster House. At to-day's market prices the material for this linner can be purchased for \$1.

> Fish.
> Fried Smelts. White Sauce. ROAST.
> Tame Duck. Current Jelly.
> Baked Potatoes. DESSERT. Tapioca Pudding. Coffee.

Prime rib roast, 18 to 20c.
Porterbouse steak, 25c.
Sirioin steak, 18 to 20c.
Low mutton, 16c.
Lamb chops, 23c. to 28c.
Lamb chops, 23c. to 28c.
Lamb hindurters, 14 to 16c.
Lamb hindurters, 14 to 16c.
Striped bass, 15c. to 25c.
Hallout, 14 to 18c.
Striped bass, 15c. to 25c.
Striped bass, 15c. to 15c.
Striped bass, 16c. to 15c. rioin surface, 18 c., 28 c., 2 Spring chicken, \$1 to \$1.25 (60c, a 100.)
pair.
Roast chicken, 16 to 22c.lb. Terrapin, \$12 to \$56 a dos.
Dry-picked turkeys, 20c. te Green turile scop, \$1 quart.
Frogs' legs, \$60c, lb. Zio.

Squabs, \$3.50 to \$4. dos.
Boston Geese, 18 to 20c.
Boston Ducks, 18 to 20c.
Boston Ducks, 18 to 20c.
Carlmary ducks, 12c. to 15c.
Carvasbacks, \$3.50 pair.

Forms, \$1.50 pair.

Pumpkins, 29c.
Mushrooms, 51 quart.
Onlons, 20 to 30c. half-peck
Cauliflowers, 15c. to 25c.
Lettuce, 5c. head.
Cranbernes, 10c. quart.
Horsersadish, 19c. post. English snips, \$3 dos. Plover, \$3 dos. Rail, \$1.50 dos. Rabbits, 25c. spiece. Venison, 20c. to 25c. Woodcock, \$1 pair. Frash mackers!, 15 to 20c. Bea bass, 15c. to 20c. Horseradish, 19c. root. Sweet potatoes, 29c. half-peck. Lima beans, 29c. quart. Egg plants, 19c. Oyster plant, 2 bunches for 25c.

The Reason. [From the Pittsburg Chronicle.]
Mamma-Why do you always get up so cross, onder, Jimmy t Precoclous Child-It's 'cause you make me go to

After Every Election. "Tommy," said the teacher, " can you tell me

what obscurity is ?" . "Yes'm," replied Tommy; "ti's a place where a good many people go after lection.

RELICS OF A STORMY TIME.

OLD REVOLUTIONARY FORTS IN THE UPPER PART OF THE CITY.

The Ancient Encampment Ground Near Mount St. Vincent-Earthworks Near Morningside Park and a Redoubt at Harlem Mere-The Old Block House in Central Park Still Well Preserved.



68

BSERVANT strangers who take a carriage drive through Central Park and out on the TO BUILD A NEW CLUB-HOUSE.

The New York Cance Club's Old Quarters

Getting Too Small.

The New York Canoe Club has decided to

build a new club-house on Staten Island dur-

ing the coming winter. The matter has not

yet been brought officially before the club at

a regular meeting, but will be at the annual

dinner. As most of the members are heartily

high, with canoe racks on the ground floor and a parlor and other rooms on the second floor. Each member will have a private locker for the storage of clothes and small

New York Girls Who Shoot.

shooting their own follies, but birds as they fly-

or, at least, they are trying to hit the winged game

with rifles. Out at Tuxedo, which is the late autumn resort of the Astor set and their selected following, gunning is the favorite sport for maidens and young matrons. Light, dainty, silver-mounted weapons are regueishly popped off, and sometimes a bird is hit. A pretty little gamebag is always hing at the huntress's side, and she never returns without something in it; but there is a scandalous rumor that the dead warrilers are bought ready-shot from boys who make a good ncome transiently out of the fad.

De Mortuis Nil Niel Bonum

[From Puck.]
First Citizen—I say, old man, you look out up!

Second Citizen-Matter? Oh, nothing. Pre-

been reading the most barefaced lies for a full hour—that's all!

First Citizen—Well, dear boy, these are exciting time—election coming on, you know; and if you read the papers—

Second Citizen—Who said I'd been reading the

Papers 7
First Clitzen—What have you been doing, then 9
Second Citizen—Been walking in the cemetery.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. S. P.—You will find the advertisements of teachers of boxing or wrestling in any one of the sporting papers.

L. E. K.—No directory was ever compiled which gave the names of all the saliors and the vessels on which they salled.

A Word About Catarrh.

the great pleasure ground, and their vari-ance with its present purposes is marked enough to be striking. enough to be striking. Some of the old remains of former forts and ramparts have been effaced by the efforts

of the Park Commissioners to beautify this charming recreation ground of the city, but others have been suffered to remain.

In the neighborhood of Mount St. Vincent down from the hill towards the west was once 'McGowan's Pass." In this vicinity an old encampment ground was unearthed some twenty years ago. It had been buried under two feet of earth, but the remains of the camp were easily recognized. An old fort

camp were easily recognized. An old fort and some earthworks are also left in One Hundred and Twenty-third street, near Morningside Park. So, too, an old redoubt and breastworks near Harlem Mere were not tampered with.

But one very well-preserved old landmark crowns the highest point of the Park at One Hundred and Tenth street, facing Seventh avenue. It dominates the long stretches of level ground to the north, and the stone wall that runs along at the west, beyond the elevated road, more of an elevated road here than anywhere in its course. Circling around the base of the hill are the broad carriagedrives that lead to the Seventh avenue exit. At the left a wooden sign-post at the begin-

the base of the hill are the broad carriagedrives that lead to the Seventh avenue exit.
At the left a wooden sign-post at the beginning of a path which winds up the gentle declivity bears the inscription: "To the Block
House." So, too, on the chart of Central
Park, in the office of the Department of
Parks, this stone structure is called, "Block
House, 1812."

The history of those four stanch walls is
obscured by the forgetfulness of generations,
which have heeded it but little after its purpose ceased. It is perfectly square. The
four walls are built of the commonest stone,
cemented with mortar. It is not more than
twenty-two or twenty-three feet high, and it
has a firm hold on the ledge of rock which
was selected as its stout foundation. Time
has painted it with the warm, soft tints of his
palette. The rich chocolate-brown glows
rosily when the setting sun bathes the old
walls in its dying beams, and their cold gray
is lit up by patches of lichens and mosses.
At several points the woodbine has clambered
up its rough sides, clothing them in mantling
verdure during the heat of summer and folds
of royal scarlet in the fall.
A coping slightly projects from the top,
which has been boarded over. On the west
side, when the pedestrian mounts the last of
the ascending path, an iron door, painted a
dark green, refuses him incress. A flight of
wooden steps, weather-stained and bare,
leads up to the door, and the square, white
walls look somewhat as if they were a mausoleum. On each side except the west, there
are two port-holes, through which the party
intrenched within could bring their old
flint-locks to bear with murderous effect on
any invaders.

The inquisitive visitor, after he has rattled

flint-locks to bear with murderous effect on any invaders.

The inquisitive visitor, after he has rattled the heavy iron door to make himself doubly sure that admittance is denied him, will probably walk around the old fort. When he sees that a rough granite block on the south side has been lifted up against the wall, he will also doubtless mount the friendly stone, grasp the sides of the porthole and endeavor to explore the dusky interior. The roof will be seen crossed by gafters, but below he can hardly peer. These narrow slits in the thick walls are the only points where light is admitted, and they fall to illumine the interior. The walls are three to illumine the interior. The walls are three feet thick in solid masonry. Although the old fort, or block house, as

Although the old fort, or block house, as one may prefer to style it, is on the very crest of the hills, it is hidden by the tree-tops, which press around it. The bare ledge on which it is perched is wasthed in broad bands of emerald verdure during the hegday of summer and soft masses of gold and scarlet when the breath of autumn has touched the luxuriant foliage. So its dim colors crop out only here and there through its brilliant setting.

only here and there through its brilliant setting.

Springing from the roof is a flag-staff on which on Decoration Day and Fourth of July the veterans of 1812 and their descendants raise the Stars and Stripes. Until two or three years ago Adjt. Jay Gould Warner used to raise the flag, but she is dead or too old to nurse his patriotism in this way. His mantle falls upon his descendants.

The quiet old walls will last for many a generation unless vandal hands does what the enemies of other days could not achieve, and lay them low.

and lay them low.

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAN wins the day for Coughs Colds and Asthma. Price, 10c. Best druggists.

with full directions: price \$1.00.

EVERY MUSCLE AUMES.

Sharp Aches, Dull Pains, Strains and Weakness relieved in one minute by the Cutteurs Anti-Pain Plaster. A perfect antidote to pain, inflammation and weakness. The first and only pain-killing Plaster, Instantaneous, infallible, safe. Acknowledged by drug stantaneous, infallible, safe. druggists, 25 cents: five for \$1.00; or, postage free, of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. AMUSEMENTS.

5 TH AVE. THEATRE. Unparalleled Ovation.
Proprietor and Manager. MR. JOHN STETSON
MRS. POTTER, MRS. POTTER,

the recommendation and beautiful creation,
FAUSTINE DE BRESSIER,
Supported Mr. Kyrle Beliew (by courtesy of Mr. H.
E. Abbey, of Wallack's).

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Sufferers from nervous debility complete of physical and nervous weakness and exhaustion; there is proctection of the physical strength, a tired feeling with no inclination for exertion, and the power to weak is distinction for exertion, and the power to weak is distinction for exerting, and the power to weak is distinction. freshed; there is an extreme nervous and irritable emdition, a dull, cloudy sensation, often accompanied by
disagreeable feelings in the head and eyes; the throughts
wander easily, thinking and study become difficult, oran
reading fatigues the mind, making the person drowny;
thore will be gradual failing of strength, with weakness and pain in the back; had taste in the mouth mornings, the vision becomes dim, the memory impaired, and
there is frequent diszines; often the patient is gloomy
and despondent, and the nerves become so weakened
after a time that the least excitement or shock will finch
the face, bring a tremor or trembling or palputation of
the heart.

For these armstone Dr. in favor of building a new house, the thing is as good as done.

The new club-house will be two stories

noor. Each member will have a private locker for the storage of clothes and small canoe fittings and camp equipment.

There is some doubt in the minds of the club members concerning the site. The present house rests on a large barge, which is usually moored to a wharf at Tompkinsville, S. I. As the floor is conveniently near the water many of the members favor that style of building, but the general idea seems to be a permanent location on ground at the water's edge. If a suitable location can be found the house will be built on land.

The new house has been found necessary by reason of the increasing membership of the club, which has crowded the old quarters to overflowing. As the New York Canoe Club is the oldest and most widely known canoeing organization in this country, and as it takes the leading part in international racing, a handsome new club-house is badly needed. With the new structure built, the club will be well qualified to entertain its English friends socially as well as in hard-fought races. the heart.

For these symptoms Dr. Greene's Nervara Nerva Toulo, the great strengthening and invigorating remedy, is a sure and positive cure. Under the use of this wondarful restorative, which is purely regetable and therefore harmless, the duil eyes regain their brilliancy, the lines in the face disappear, the pais look and hollow cheshed show renewed hearth and visitity; the west and exhausted feelings give place to strength and vigor, the brain becomes clear, the nerves strong and steady, the gloom and depression are lifted from the mind, and perfect and permanent health is restored. No one need deand an absolutely certain curs will result, PRICK, \$1 PER BOTTLE.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGS Dr. Greene, the great specialist in the treatment and once of nervous and curonic diseases, may be committee of ourses, personally or by mail, at his office, when the the New York. His book "Nervous Disease and How to Cure Them." mailed free.

AMUSEMENTS.

EDEN MUSEE, 22D ST., BET, STRACTHAYES, OPEN FROM 11 TO 11. SUNDAYS 1 & 11. GIRON'S GEN. CUSTER'S LAST BATTL SCHOOL OF CHOOST SHAPE TO BE STRACT BATTL SCHOOL OF COLORS AND HIS ORCHESTEA. (Prom a New York Letter.)
Our most assiduously fashionable girls are not

GREAT FLOWER SHOW.

EXTENDED TO SUNDAY NOY 6.

Admission to all, 50c., children 25c.

AJEEB—The Mystifying Obess Automaton.

DOCKSTADER'S Mrs. Blotter

CURLY BELLOWN DOCKSTADER.
OXYGEN CLEVELAND'S TRIP.
NEW JOKES, BALLADS, DANGES,
Evenings, S.30. Baturday Medines, 2.30. HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.
M. W. HANLEY THE LEATHER PATCH.

AR Artistic Triumph and a Brilliant Succession of the WEDNESDAY — MATINEE—SATURDAY Next Week—CORDELIA'S ASPIRATIONS. H.R.JACOBS'S 3D AVE.THEATRE PRICES, 10c.; RESERVED SEATS, 20c. AND 20c. ONLY FOUR MORE PERFORMANCES James A. Herne's Hearts of Oak. RECEIVED WITH CHEERS AND APPLAUSE Nov. 7-THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

STAR THEATRE.
STAR THEATRE.
Last 3 nights of engagement of
JOSEPH JEFFERSON.
To-night (Thurdsy) also Friday srents
THE RIVALS.
Saturdsy night and Saturdsy matthese
THE CRICKET ON THE HEATT

STAR THEATRE, Monday, Nov. Ing.
MR. HERRY INVING.
MISS ELLEN TERRY
and the LY, FAUST.

HULL LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.

ROBSON AND CRANE
in Bronson Bowards Great Comedy,
THE HEINELETTA.
South Performance, Monday, November 14. Habourge
Bouvenirs, Beats secured two weeks in Source.
EVENINGS AT 8.15. SATURDAY MATINES AT 8.

Carriages at 10.45.

14 TH STREET THEATRE. COR. 6TH AVE.
Matiness Wednesday and Saturday.
Second week of
GEO, S. KNIGHT,
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A great stage portraiture. A panemera of house love.
Gallery, 26c. Reserved, 35u., 50u., 75c., \$1 and \$1.50.

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The sparkling Comic Opera
THE MARQUIS
Received with roars of laughter.

WALLACK'S.
WALLACK'S.
CASTE Characters by Mosers. Osmoud Traits, B.
CASTE D. Ward, Chas. Groves, T. W. Robertson,
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Abbey. Evenings at 8.18. Motines Saturday, 2.18. A CADRMY OF MUSIC. Seventh we Elaborate production of the melodramatic encountries.

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LANT TWO TUA CONCERTS

FRIDAY EXEMING. NOV. 5 MATINES AT 2

Admission, \$1. All seats \$1.52

there was that in his manner which appeared to imply that it was only a temporary diver-ion until the coming of some event for which

which he had been almost unconsciously expecting.

The letter was from Leila Auvernay. He went to her at once. She met him with a laughing light in her eyes, such as he had not seen there when she stood in the gallery beside her betrothed husband; a light which recalled the merry child who had smiled down on him so long ago.

on him so long ago.

"Mr. Carradine," she said, "I told you that
my fortune was gone, but I did not tall you
how utterly it has been swept away. I am
nothing better than a beggar. Will you take
me for one of your students, for charity's He looked searchingly into her smiling

voice.
She laughed without so much as a flush of

#Y5. " WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?"

Hour after hour, and day after day, he sat in the gallery, scrutinizing eagerly every face amid the visitors whom taste of fashion had brought to look at the now celebrated artist's latest success. Every night he went sway unsatisfied, and every morning he returned with hope springing afresh in his heart.

Still the object of his search, whatever it may have been, did not appear; and one day, discouraged at last, he resolved to go no more on so fruitless an errand. Shutting himself in his studio, he began to paint; but, strive as he would, he could command neither hand nor fancy. Finally, tired of repeated failure, he abandoned work, and yielded to the impulse which drew his steps in the customary direction.

When he entered the small side room in

Carradine bent long over his easel, gazing Carradine bent long over his easel, gazing into the lovely upturned face until it began to fade into the gathering twilight.

"If—if!" he murmured to himself, half unconsciously. "But it cannot be. Yet I will send it—and perhaps"—

And so the picture was sent, in due time; and it seemed almest as if Carradine's soul had gone with it, and drawn him to follow. Hour after hour, and day after day, he sat in the callery, scrutnizing easerly every face

which his picture hung, he found but two persons within, a young man and a girl.

Carradine could not see the faces of these
two; but, with an earnestness for which he
was at a loss to account, he followed their rewas at a loss to account, he followed their re-treating figures as they moved slowly towards his picture. But the next moment an excla-mation of astonishment burst from the lips of the young man.

"Why, here is your portrait, Leila! What does it mean? Who can the painter be?"

With that, he burried out to purchase a catalogue. Carradine advanced quickly to the girl. "I am the painter," he said.
She turned and looked at him with one steady gaze from those glorious eyes that had haunted his visions for so many years. Then she spoke: "You painted that picture? And "From remembrance," he answered. "It was my only tribute to the little unknown princess who crowned me once with roses. Does she, too, remember it?"

For a moment, doubt was in her face: but, as he looked fixedly at her, it vanished in certainty. A smile just touched the bright live.

ips.

"It was you, then, on whom I forced my roses?—a princess who gave away honors unasked. How often have I wondered since"— She stopped, turned to the canvas, and added, abruptly, "But I was a child then and here"—

of imagination in which his wish was supreme

since "— She stopped, turned to the cantage and added, abruptly, "But I was a child then, and here "— "Here you are a woman," said Carradine, completing the unspoken sentence. "Is it so hard to understand? The same power that kept the child in my heart showed me into what she would ripen."

She did not look at him now, but at the picture, as she asked, in a low voice, "And whom am I to thank for such an honor?"

"My name is Hubert Carradine," he and swered, and saw at once that it was no unfall these years your face has haunted me always, but your name I nover knew"

She hesitated a moment, then turned to him.

"You never knew my name? Then think of me still as you have thought of me through all these years, 'she said, a half smile lingering about her mouth, but never lighting the great dark eyes that were shaded by some subtle sadness. The look, the tone, transported Carradine seynade laid these sadness. The look, the tone, transported Carradine seynade laid remembrance of place or circumstance into the unreal realm whatever he might occupy himself with.

ruler.
"I have thought of you always as my life and my love," he said, half unconsciously, his dreamy, deep gray eyes glowing upon her face. She blushed suddenly, and then paled in an analysis of the hear former companion eninstant. Just then her former companion en-

instant. Just then her former companion entered the room.

"I am Leila Auvernay," she said, hastily,
"and that is Ceeil Wyndham, my—my betrothed husband!"

Not another word was said. As the young man approached, Carradine fell back a step and looked at the two. His was a fair, handsome face, so little marked as yet by time that it would be hard for an unpractised eye to conjecture with what lines the shaping character would yet stamp it. Nevertheless, with one keen gaze Carradine estimated both present and future.

with one keen gaze Carradine estimated both present and future.

She said a few low-spoken words to her companion, who presently moved towards Carradine and addressed him.

"I have the honor of speaking to Mr. Carradine, the painter of this picture?"

Carradine bowed without speaking.

"Will you pardon me for asking if it is a fancy sketch?" continued Mr. Wyndham.

"Partially so, but suggested by the face of a little girl," answered the artist.

"But the likeness is so very striking!" muttered the young gentleman. I must have it at any rate. Of course you will part with it—at your own price?" sole "seid Cover."

The wor

E. N.—Hoyle says (p. 219): "If the ace of hearts is led when hearts are not trumps, a player holding no trump need not play a heart." UNION SOARE THEATRE J. M. HILL MARKET

Mary.—" My husband has registered. Can I remove from my present residence to another residence in the same ward without fear?" Yes; you
may move anywhere on the face of the earth without fear of the consequences. If you do not move
out of the election district your husband may vote;
if you move out of the election district your husband may not vote. A man may move a dozen
times after he registers without losing his vote,
provided he moves within the election district.

C RAND OPERA-HOUSE.
CH Resorved Seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcon, Seats, Wed.
Mat. A BUNCH OF KRYS.
Next week_ANNE PIXLEY.
Next Sunday—Prof. OROMWELL'S Summer Rambles in Sweden.

ing the sense of bearing, trammelling the power of speech, destroying the faculty of smell, tainting the breath and killing the refined pleasures of teste. Insidiously, by creeping on from a simple cold in the head, it assaults the membranous lining and envelops the bones, eating through the delicate coats and causing inflammation, sloughing and death. Nothing short of total cradication will seem to be the called the coats and causing the second coats and causing the coats and causing the coats are coats. will secure health to the patient, and all alleviatives are simply procrastinated sufferings, leading to a fatal ter-mination. Santoun's Radront Curr, by Inhalatica and by Internal administration, has never failed. Even when the disease has made frightful inrosats on delicate consti-

NANFORD'S RADICAL CURE consists of one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box CATARRHAL SOLVENT and one IMPROVED INHALES, neatly wrapped in one package, DLOU OPERA-HOUSE —BURLESQUE BURLESQUE GOMPAN — with its ground attraction, GOMPAN — with its ground attraction. GOMPAN — Everate (charp). May a. Wed & Sec. at 2

YORUM THEATRE, STRAYER, AND SECTION OF THE WIFE. AND RESERVED THE WIFE. AND RESERVED THE WIFE. AND RESERVED THE WIFE. New Stock Company. WITH THE WIFE. NEW STOCK COMPANY. WITH THE WIFE. STOCK COMPANY.

TONY PASTOR'S THRATRE. GOOD REARRYED
Matiness Tuesday and Friday.
TONY PASTOR HOME.
LITTLE TICH, JOHN T. KELLY
and a full grand company.
26 CENTS.

he was waiting.

So passed half a year, at the end of which there came a letter to Carradine. It was very brief, but it was enough to assure him of that which he had been almost unconsciously ex-

face. "And Mr. Wyndham?" he asked, in a low emotion.

"Mr. Wyndham has gone with the rest of my worldly possessions. Did I not say that I had lost everything? You see, Mr. Carradine, that I am not of as much worth as my

"What do you want?" he asked. "President Cleveland," replied No. 1222.

"I've got a flag souvenir to give him." with their trash," said the tinted gentleman, severely. "You jest go back and tell 'em we don't want none o' that business here. Why. Lawrence Barrett and Wilson Barrett called and President wouldn't see 'em. Guess if he won't see them ye stand a purty bad that No. 1222 succumbed. Not a bit of it. He insisted that the tinted gentleman should carry his card to the President, and

was happy. At the end of the second act there were five "genuine" curtain calls. (I won't attempt to explain what a curtain call is when it ain't genuine), and there is no doubt that "The Highest Bidder" will be as successful in the District of olumbia as as successful in the Distrit was in the metropolis.

Messrs. Miles and Barton produced their Messrs. Miles and Barton produced their eighty-gallon water-tank, with steam yachts and boating parties, in Baltimore Monday night and called it "Lost in New York." The slleged notification made by "The Dark Secret." to the effect that they would enjoin Messrs. Miles and Barton from using the managers not to attempt to use a tank in their theatres. Messrs. Miles and Barton are

Little Anson B. Pond, the saturnine, was

THE ARTIST'S LOVE.

ARRADINE sat alone at his easel, painting; 00000000 and as he painted, he thought. Eight years before, when he was a poor and struggling TENER boy, just entering on 國際 that race which must be run by every aspi-ors, there happened to him something which neither time nor toil had ever been able to efface from his memory. As he was passing along the street, a wreath of fragrant roses

suddenly fell on his head; and looking up, in wonder, he beheld, reaching out from the embroidered draperies of an overhanging window, a child with fairy-like proportions, with great dark eyes, and long, curling black locks, who stood smiling and throwing him kisses from her curved lips colored like a pomegranate. While he still gazed, a nurse had come forward and drawn the child away; the curtains were closed, and he saw the little creature no more. Such was the vision that the artist had carried so long in his memory; in his memory

only, for he had no second glimpse of the child. That very day an accident occurred child. That very day an accident occurred in which kept him a prisoner in his room for some weeks; and when next he went out the house was empty, and a placard with great flaring letters announcing it for sale stared him in the face, from the same window in which the little white-robed elf had stood waving her hand and smiling to him. In course of time other faces appeared there; but they were strange faces, and among them was never the one for which he looked.

Now, as Carradine sat painting alone he

thought of all this; of the struggle that had ended at length in success; of his hard unfriended boyhood, and of the beautiful child with her fragrant rose crown which had seemed almost like a prophecy. That rose wreath, dry and withered now, was all that was left to him of the fair vision; but when that morning, in turning over an old portfolio, he had come upon it by chance, it spoke to him of that bygone day just as eloquently as when its blossoms were fresh and full.

"Eight years ago." he said thoughtfully, letting the shrivelled circlet slip through his fingers slowly. "She must be near sixteen now—if she lives. If? No, I do not doubt her living presence—somewhere. I wonder where she is now and what she is like at sixteen?" With that he placed the wreath beside his With that he placed the wreath beside his easel and began to paint. The face, as it grew on his canvas, represented a young girl in the dewy morning blush of first youth, with shadows in the great dark eyes and a half-smile about the bright curved lips, like an embodied summer sun-shower. It was thus that the artist pictured his ideal of the childwoman whose infantine look and smile, for eight long years, had been his own dream of love.

eight long years, had been his own dream or love.

Carradine had not had an easy life. An orphan from his earliest years, poor and unfriended, he had striven hard for the means to gratify that inherent idolatry for art which was always clamoring to find expression in form and coloring. He had fought, and he had won; but now, at twenty-six, he stood in the place which he had gained for himself, almost as much alone, at the very heart, as he had been eight years before, when the child's gift came to him as a prophecy.

It was not that he was friendless. There were men who liked and sought him, women who would gladly have taught him to forget his loneliness in their affection. But, though his nature responded readily to any kindliness, there was one chord, deeper than all that remained untouched; and from the sweetest glances, his thoughts went back to the unknown child that had smiled down on him so long ago.

him so long ago.

This ideal head became his greatest source

of enjoyment, and a dreamy softness shaded his dark gray eyes, as line by line and tint by tint took him back into that past which, all lifeless as it was, seemed to him in those

moments more busy than the real present. Yet now, in reviewing that one bright vision of his memory, it was not so much the lovely child that he saw, in fancy, as the beautiful girl whose face, with fuller depth and sweetness, looked out at him from his

and sweetness, looked out at him from his own canvas.

Instinctively, he hardly knew why, he disliked to work on this picture in any other presence, and he devoted to it only his hours of solitude. So it happened that it was nearly finished when, by some chance, a friend discovered him bending over it, too absorbed to notice any approach. As the door opened Carradine rose hastily, turning his easel to the wall, so as to conceal the face upon it. This little stratagem, however, was destined to be of no avail. Having been marked by the intruder—one of those cordial, well-meaning or no avail. Having been marked by the in-truder—one of those cordial, well-meaning people, good-natured to a degree, but with little delicacy of perception—the action at once aroused his curiosity.

"Aha, master painter," he said, with a laugh, "let us see what it is that you work at by yourself till it steals away your eyes and ears. Only one peep!"

ears. Only one peep!"
With that, he laid his hand on the frame,

With that, he laid his hand on the frame, and, receiving no forbidding word from Carradine, turned it round. The next moment he was loud in praise.

"But who is it, Carradine? If it is a portrait, tell me where to find the original, and I will, if it is a seven days' journey!"

Carradine smiled.

"If I myself knew where to find such an original, I should not be here to tell you, my good friend." he answered, evasively,

"Oh, a fancy sketch." said the other, misled, as the artist had desired. "I might have saved myself the trouble of asking. No real flesh-and-blood face ever looked like that—the more shame to Nature, I say! Of course you will exhibit it, Carradine?"

"No," answered the painter, quietly. "No," answered the painter, quietly.
"No!" repeated the other, in surprise.
"But, my dear fellow, you must, or I shall betray your secret, and you will have a swarm of visitors worse than a plague of

Egypt let in upon you."

Carradine hesitated. A chance word in his friend's speech had suggested a possibility that made his heart leap in spite of sober reason.
"You are right," he said. "I shall send
the picture for exhibition. It will be better